



SUN
KNOWS
WHERE TO

Lorenzo Pompa

Lorenzo Pompa

Lorenzo Pompa

SUN KNOWS WHERE TO

- 2 PROLOGUE
- 20 PAINTINGS
- 50 Name Author: Title of the first Text
- 51 ME AS AN ANIMAL AMONG HUMANS
- 54 Name Author: Title of the second Text
- 56 ATTRIBUTES
- 86 MASKS
- 92 PSYCHOPOMPS
- 102 Name Autor: Titel des ersten Textes
- 103 Name Autor: Titel des zweiten Textes
- 104 Biography

PROLOGUE

Set Candid 2003

130 × 130 × 30 cm, 51 $\frac{3}{16}$ × 11 $\frac{13}{16}$ × 11 $\frac{13}{16}$ inches
spanish and dutch cucumbers, coarse salt, glass, wood





Nuovo Bilancio 2013

450 × 225 × 143 cm, 177 $\frac{1}{64}$ × 88 $\frac{3}{64}$ × 56 $\frac{19}{64}$ inches
wood, PU-foil, salt, glass, cucumbers



Mondo Salami 2006

dimensions variable

oil on paper, cucumbers, salt, wooden sculptures

wrapped in paper and draped with metal and silicon

Installation at Kunstverein Wilhelmshöhe, Ettlingen, 2006



Denker 2006

70 × 38 × 50 cm, 27 9/16 × 14 6/16 × 19 11/16 inch
burnt clay, metall, silicon



Wave Piano Scenery Player 2007

450 × 1100 × 300 cm, 177 $\frac{1}{64}$ × 433 $\frac{5}{64}$ × 118 $\frac{7}{64}$ inch

oil on paper, velcro tape, wooden frame, sandbags, Midi Piano Bösendorf
Composer: Marc Sabat Piano: Stephen Clarke



XV 2008

170 × 30 × 33 cm, $66\frac{5}{16} \times 11\frac{13}{16} \times 12\frac{63}{64}$ inches
plaster



XII 2008

146 × 28 × 38 cm, $57\frac{31}{64} \times 11\frac{1}{32} \times 14\frac{61}{64}$ inches
plaster



XVIII 2008

23 × 215 × 40 cm, $14\frac{61}{64} \times 84\frac{41}{64} \times 15\frac{3}{4}$ inches
plaster



Reclined Reception 2011

90 × 130 × 40 cm, 35 7/16 × 51 3/16 × 15 3/4 inches
plaster, styrofoam, jute, metal

A twitter at the palisades 2009

59,6 × 42 cm, 23 15/32 × 16 17/32 inches
pencil on paper

reception 2011

180 × 90 × 30 cm, 70 55/64 × 35 7/16 × 11 13/16 inches
plaster, styrofoam, metal, acrylic paint





Motte 2015

210 × 40 × 60 cm, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
metal, plaster

Reflektor 2015

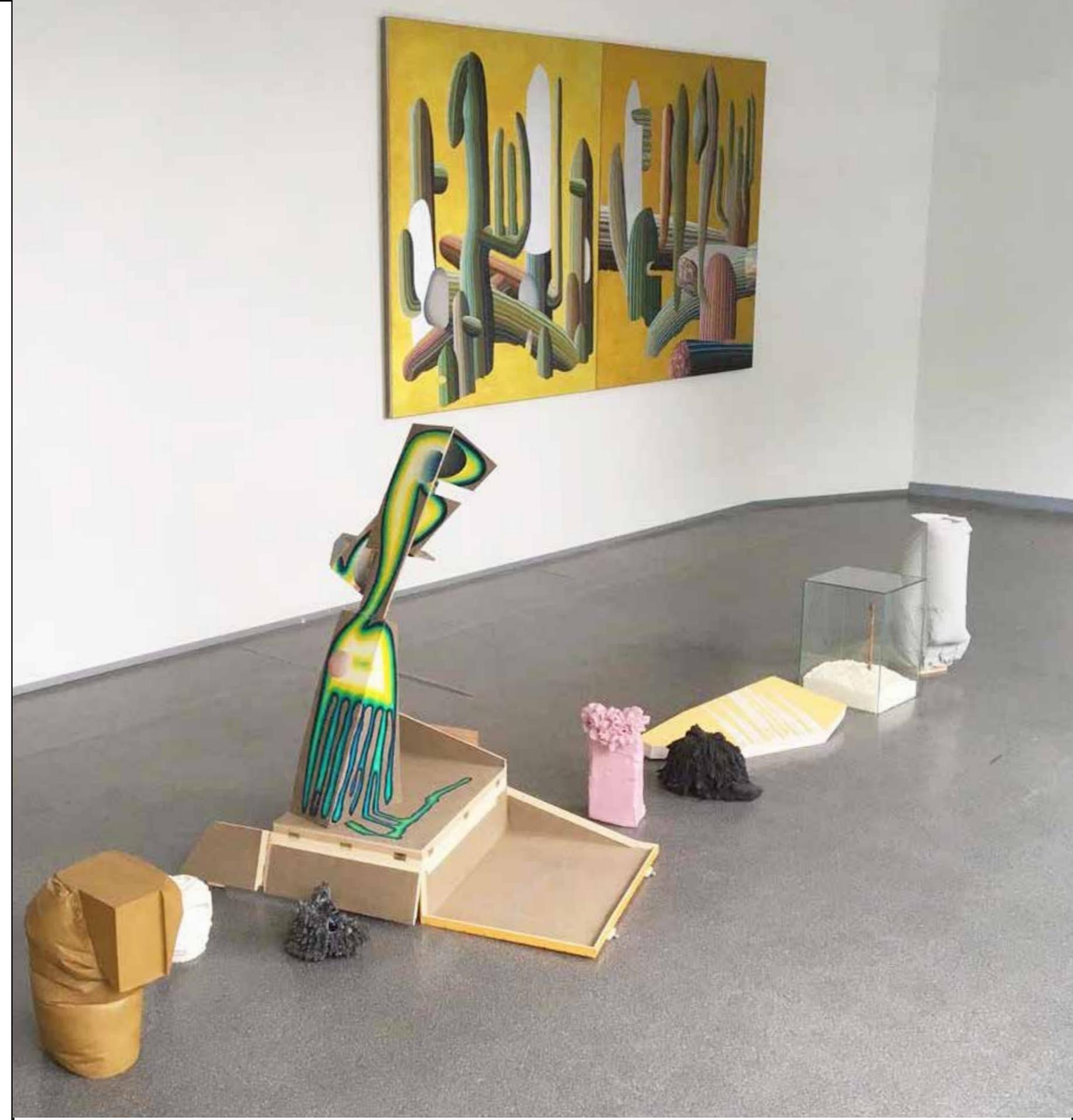
830 × 230 × 50 cm, 326 $\frac{4}{9}$ × 90 $\frac{35}{64}$ × 19 $\frac{11}{16}$ inches
concrete, aluminum partly polished

Permanent installation at
Karlsruher Institut für Technologie, Campus Nord

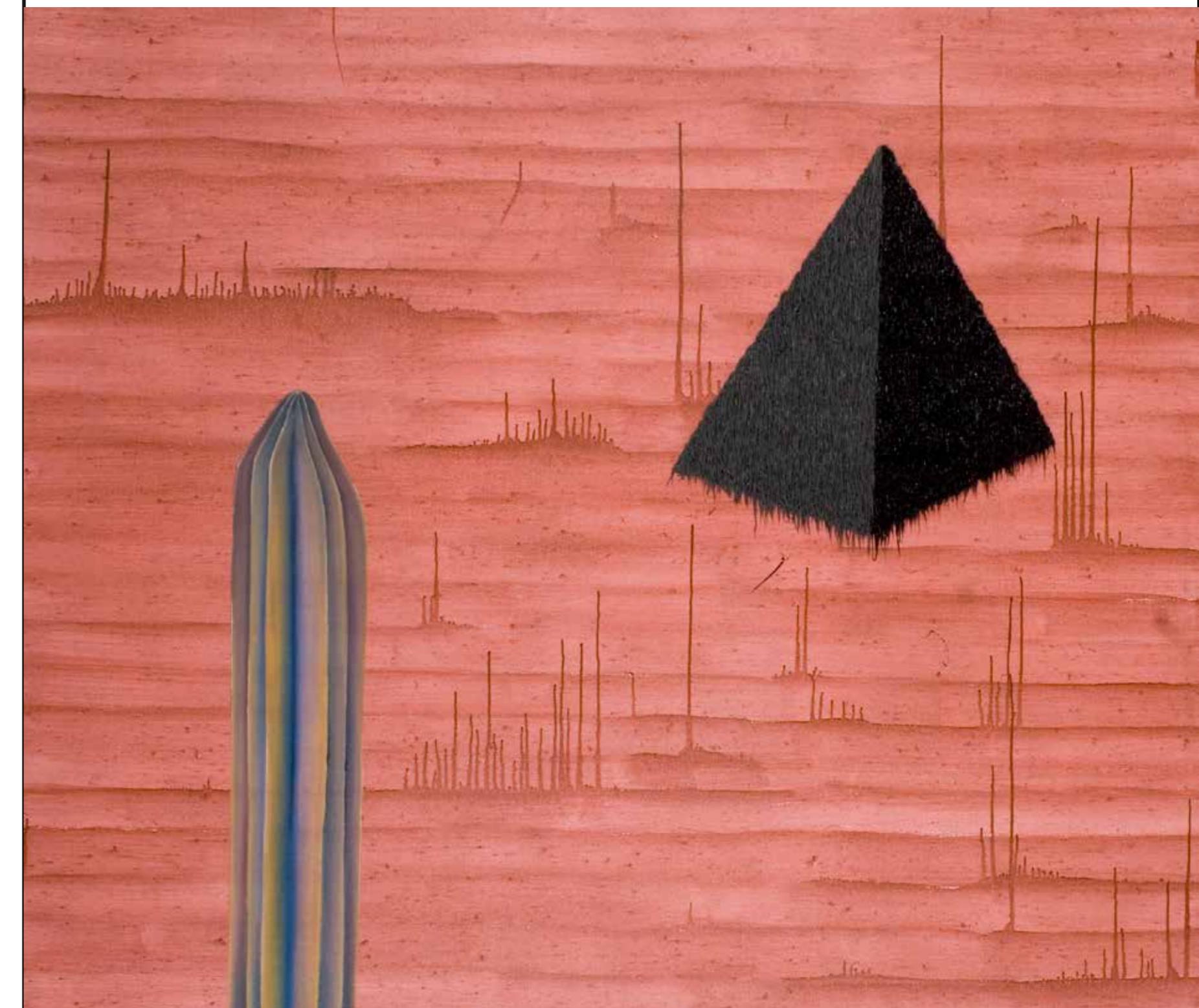


Attributes

Installation at Studio Michael Royen, Vettelschoß, 2017

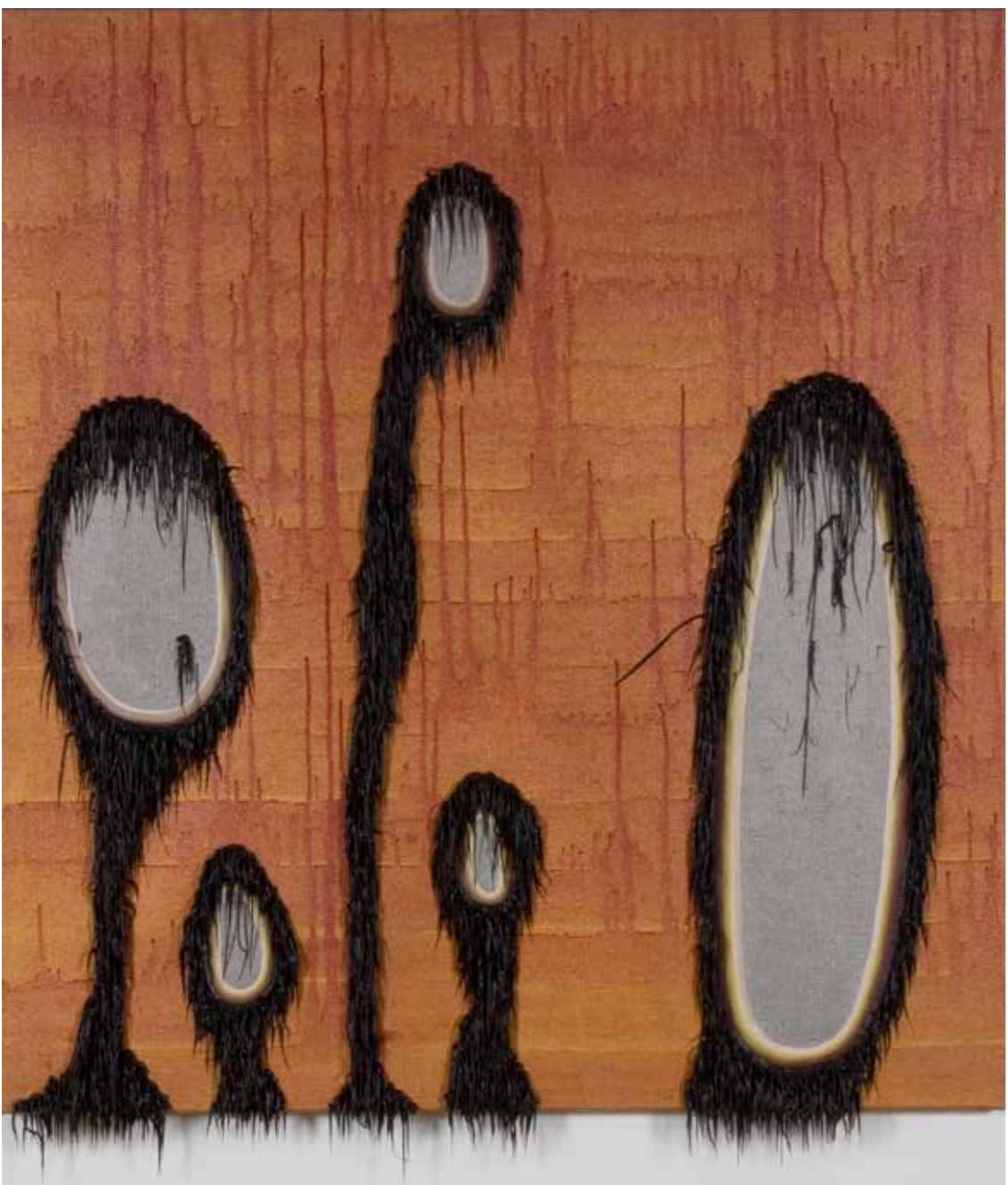


PAINTINGS



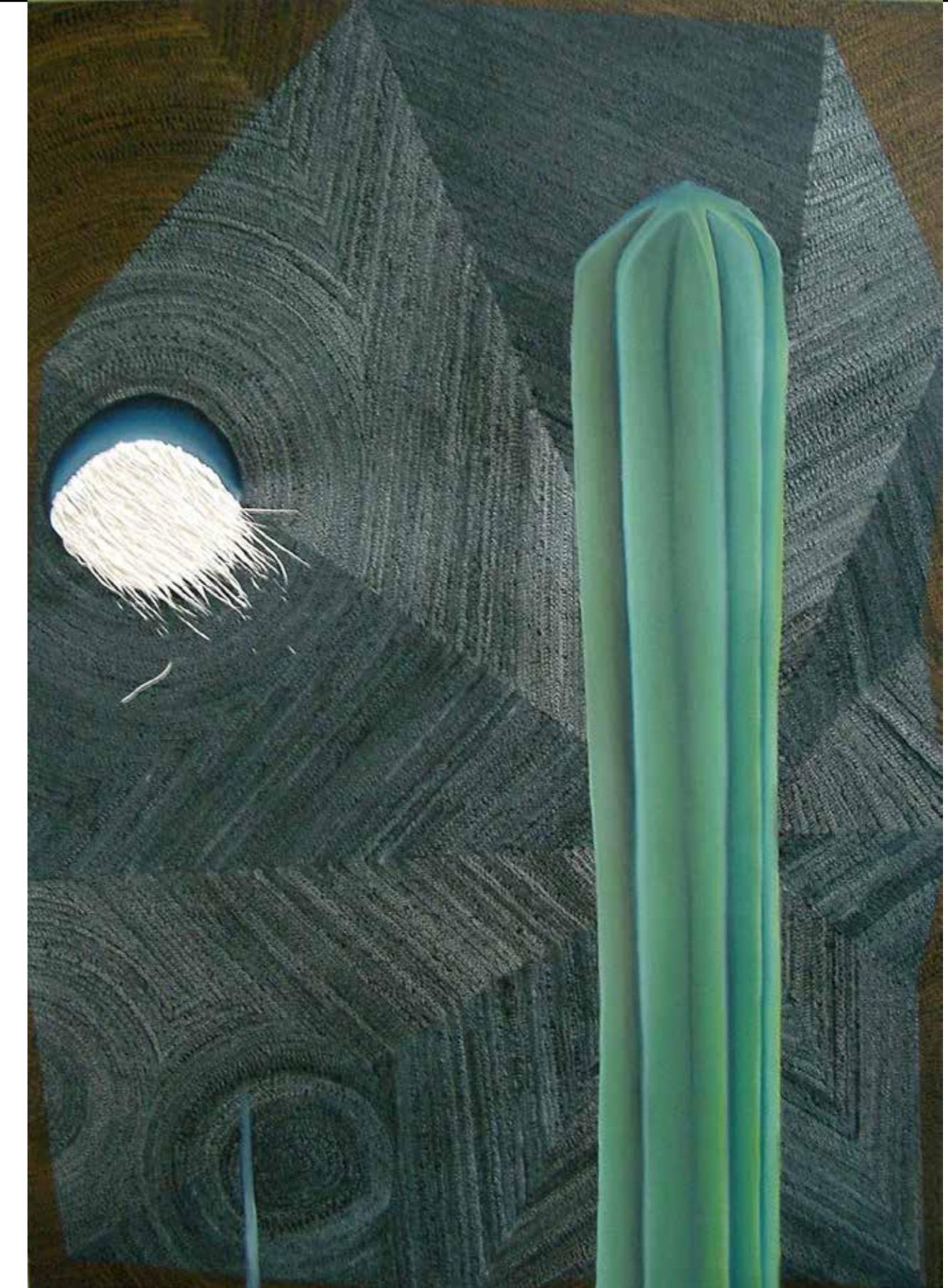
Morast der Güte 2005

180 × 210 cm, 70 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ inches
acrylic paint, lacquer, ink, silicone, oil on canvas



Saisonale Samen 2006

120 × 110 cm, 47 1/4 × 43 5/16 inches
oil, acrylic, laquer, Rocaille-perls on canvas



Westrepertoire 2005

170 × 190 cm, 66 5/16 × 74 5/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint, silicone on canvas



Loss 2008

100 × 125 cm, 39 5/8 × 49 1/2 inches
oil on canvas



Gain 2008

100 × 100 cm, 39 5/8 × 39 5/8 inches
oil on canvas



Yanomani community 2013

95 × 80 cm, 37 $\frac{1}{3}$ × 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas

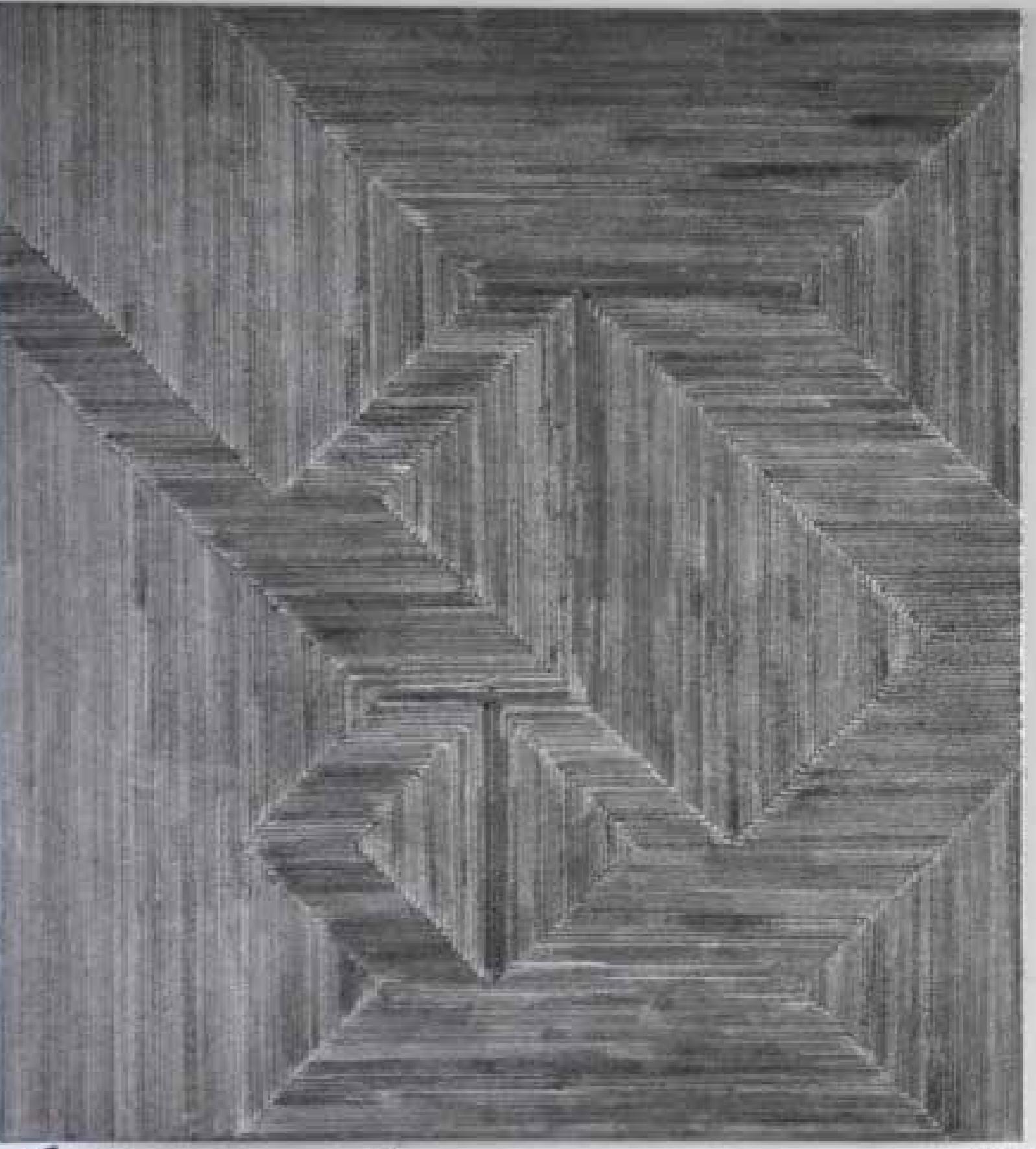


Brettoon woods 2013

95 × 80 cm, 37 $\frac{1}{3}$ × 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas

Ordnung und Fortschritt 2014

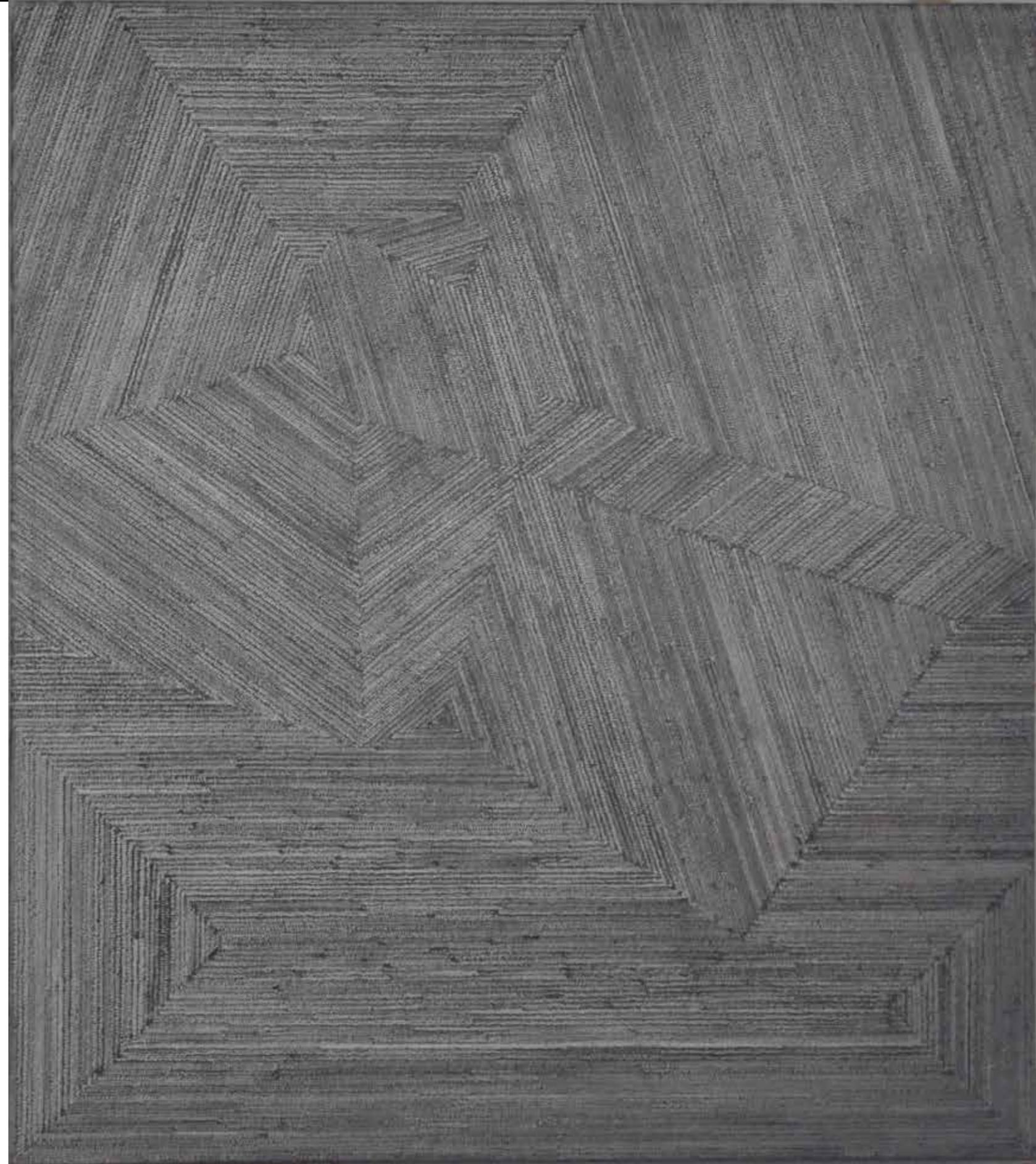
210 × 190 cm, 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ × 74 $\frac{51}{64}$ inches
oil on canvas





The mysterious sentinelese people 2015

220 × 195 cm, 86 3/4 × 76 4/4 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



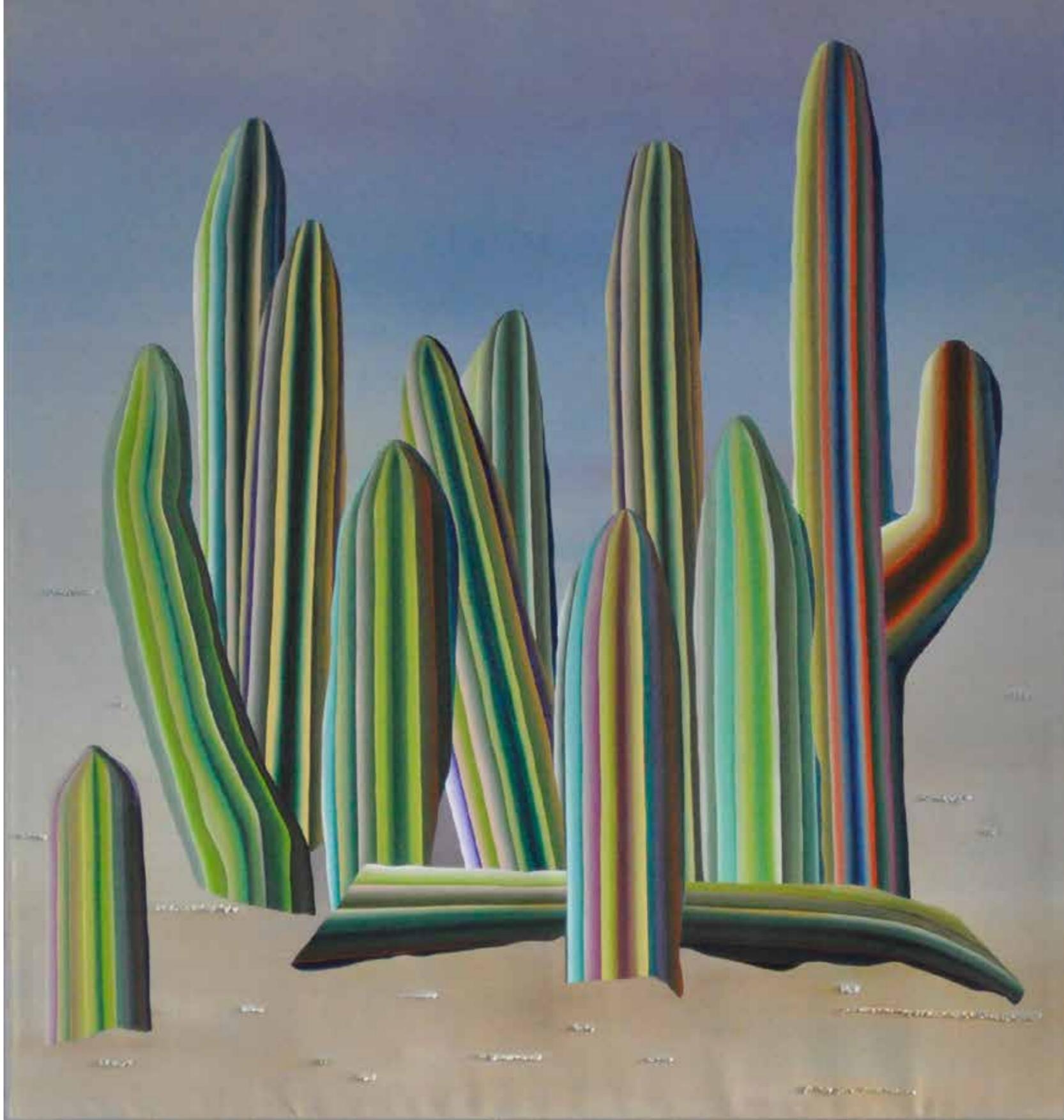
Freiheit und Wachstum 2015

220 × 195 cm, 86 3/4 × 76 4/4 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Ipompa Clan 2015

140 × 125 cm, 55 1/8 × 49 7/32 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Hottentotten 2014

210 × 190 cm, 82 4/32 × 74 5/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Hoarded Centuries 2016

170 × 150 cm, 66 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 59 $\frac{1}{16}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Reorganisation 2016

170 × 150 cm, 66 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 59 $\frac{1}{16}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



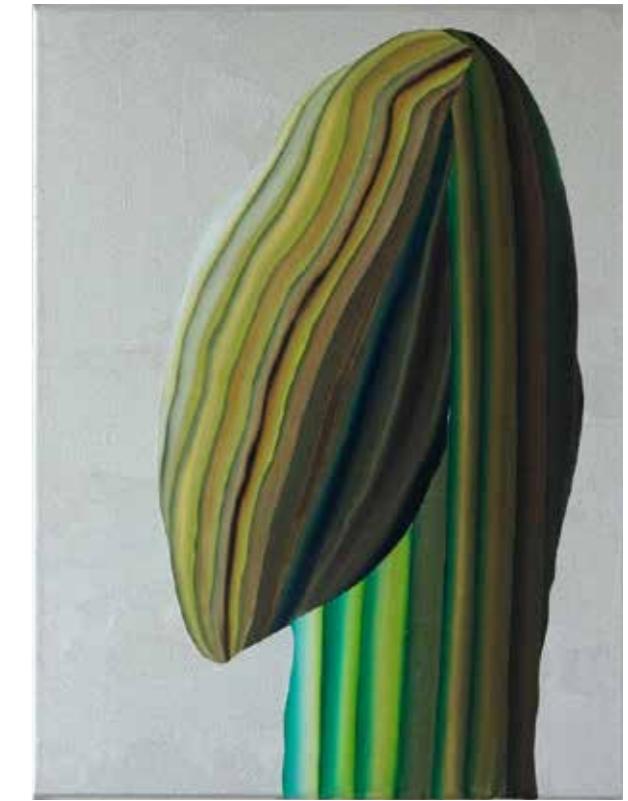
Revoluzion 2016

170 × 150 cm, 66 5/16 × 59 1/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Brief an meinen Vater 2016

40 × 30 cm, 15 3/4 × 11 13/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Ein erstes Portrait 2016

40 × 30 cm, 15 3/4 × 11 13/16 inches
oil, acrylic paint on canvas



Midget among others 2017

95 × 75 cm, 37 $\frac{13}{32}$ × 29 $\frac{17}{32}$ inches
oil, acrylic paint on canvas



Winner and Looser 2017

100 × 115 cm, 39 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Tell it to the moon 2017

140 × 120 cm, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 4 $\frac{23}{32}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Gestures and masks 2018

210 × 190 cm, 82 $\frac{4}{5}$ × 74 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



More and better lies 2018

210 × 190 cm, 82 $\frac{4}{5}$ × 74 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Winner's curse 2018

210 × 190 cm, 82^{43/64} × 74^{51/64} inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



Arrows 2019

210 × 190 cm, 82^{43/64} × 74^{51/64} inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas

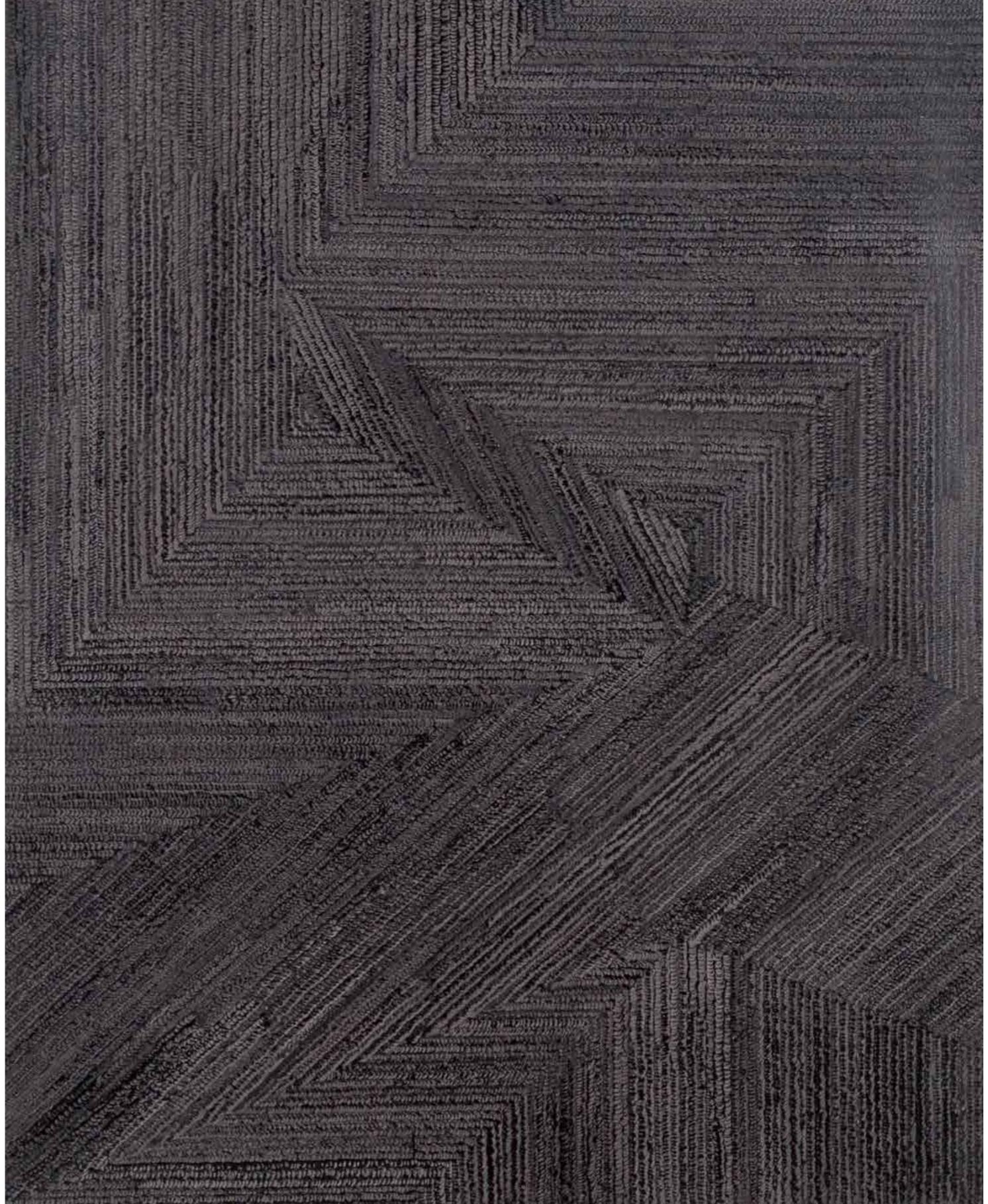


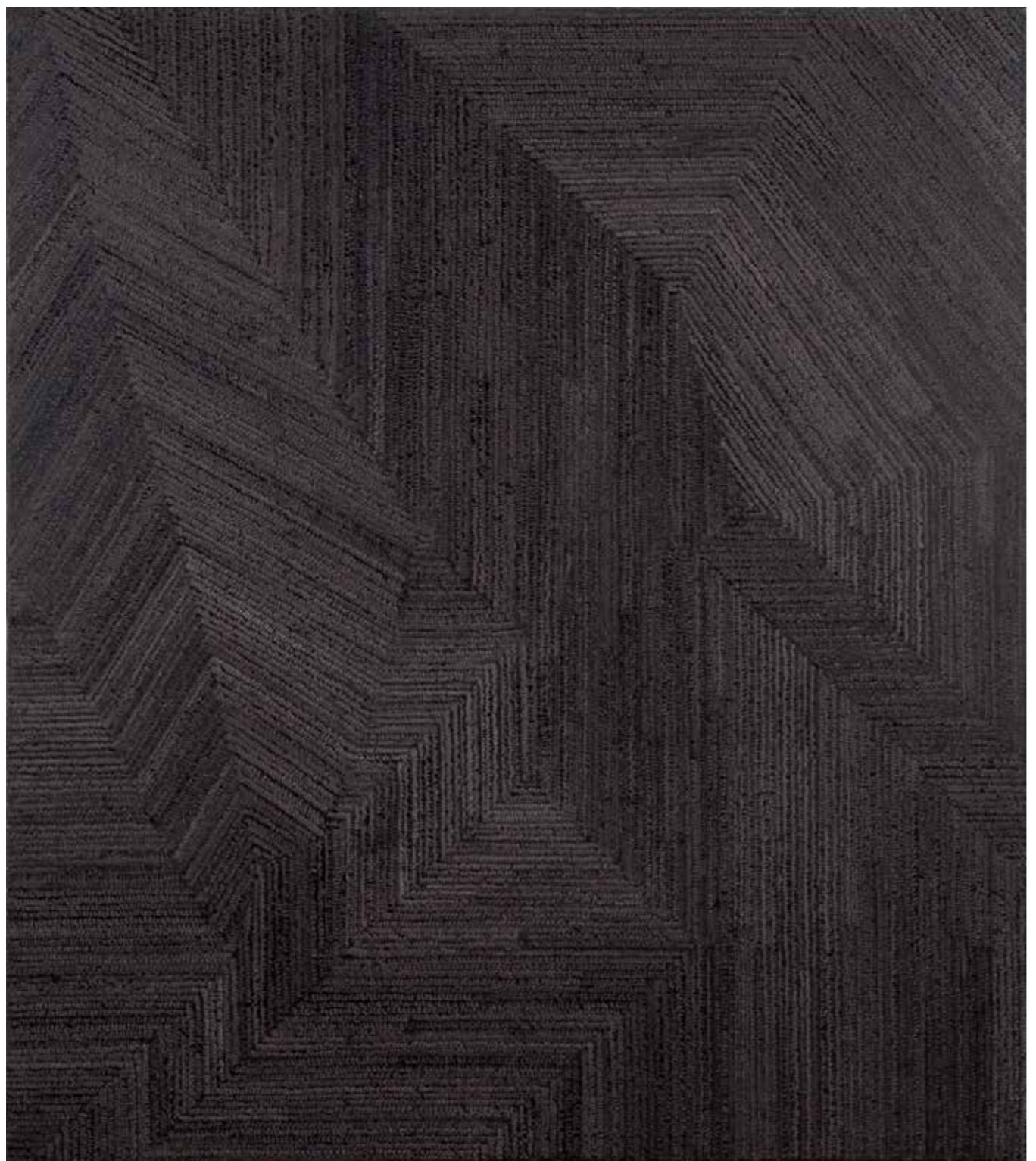
Standard 2016

170 × 150 cm, 66 5/16 × 59 1/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas

Mac Arthur 2004

210 × 190 cm, 82 4/16 × 74 5/16 inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas





Schukow 2007

170 × 150 cm, 66 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 59 $\frac{1}{16}$ inches
oil on canvas



Montgomery 2004

210 × 210 cm, 82 $\frac{4}{5}$ × 82 $\frac{4}{5}$ inches
acrylic, oil paint on canvas



UNADJUSTEDNONRAW 2018

$215 \times 300 \times 220 \text{ cm}$, $84 \frac{1}{4} \times 118 \frac{7}{8} \times 86 \frac{3}{4} \text{ inches}$
shoe cream, polished ceramic, acryl, oil on canvas, metal, wood



Metaphors of Chance 2018

$220 \times 400 \times 220 \text{ cm}$, $86 \frac{3}{4} \times 157 \frac{3}{4} \times 86 \frac{3}{4} \text{ inches}$
shoe cream, polished ceramic, oil on canvas, wood

Metaphors of Chance,
installations at Kunstraum Villa Friede, Bonn, 2018

Name Autor

Title of the first Text

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxoxo advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

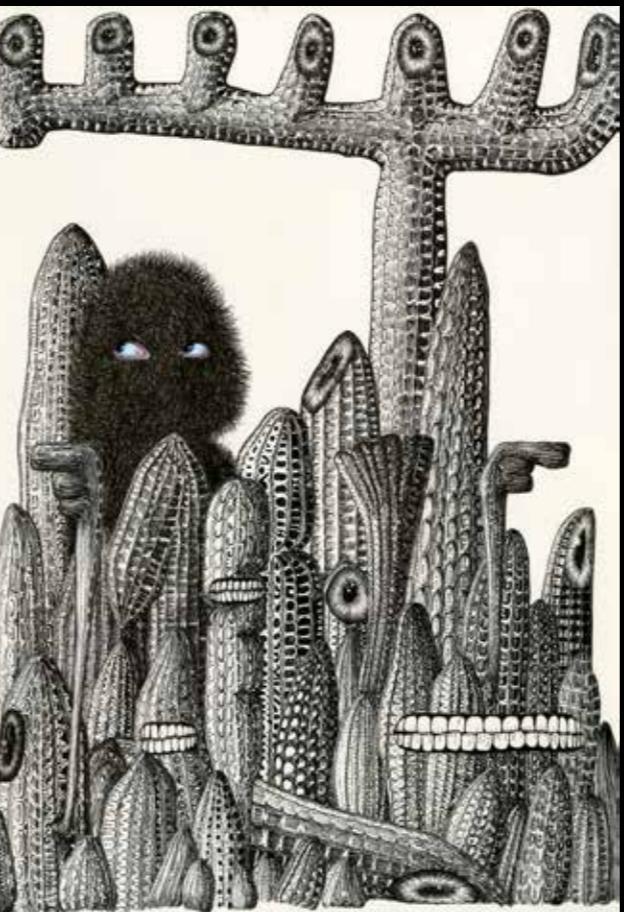
When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lore Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxoxo advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the

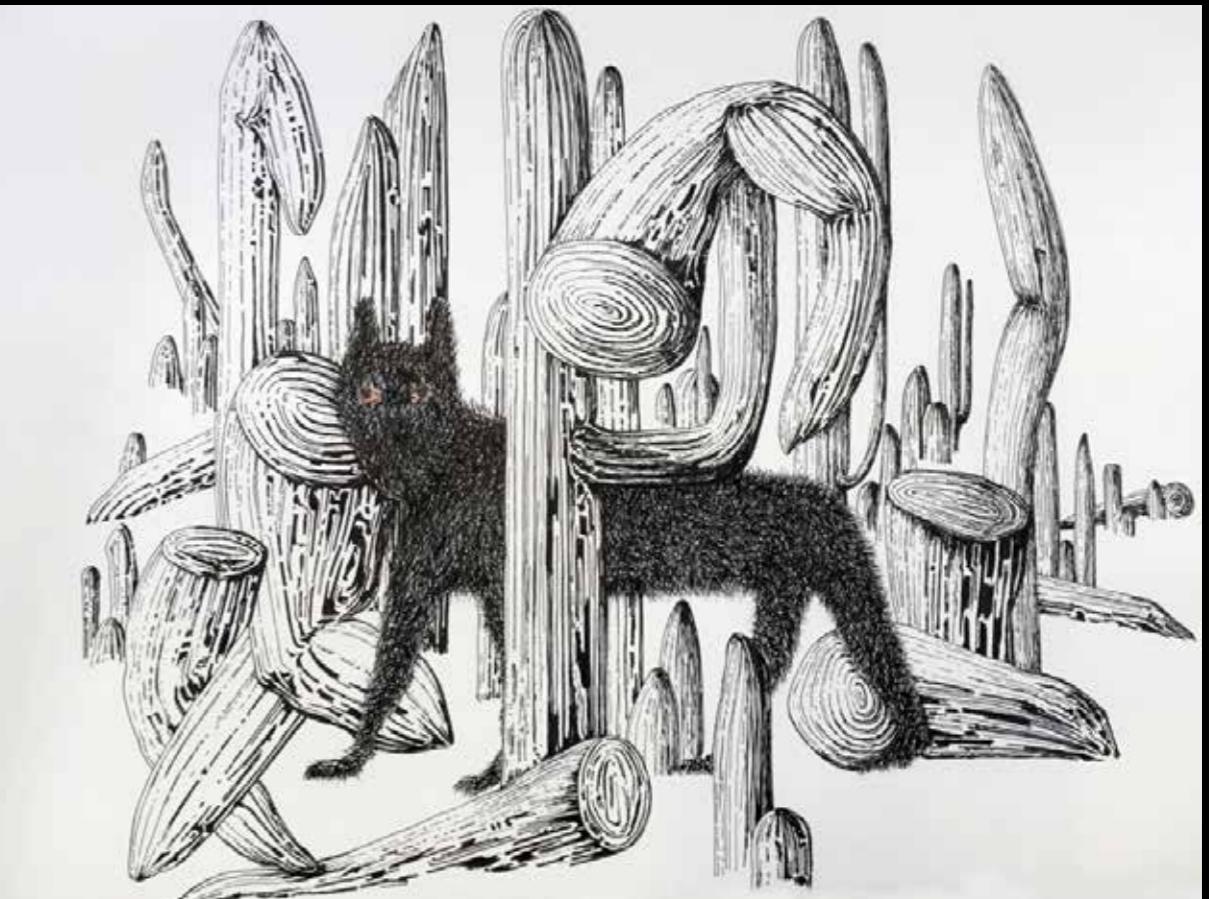
ME AS AN ANIMAL AMONG HUMANS

2016

each 42 x 60 cm, 23 $\frac{15}{32}$ x 16 $\frac{17}{32}$ inches
or 60 x 42 cm, 16 $\frac{17}{32}$ x 23 $\frac{15}{32}$ inches
ink on paper, collage



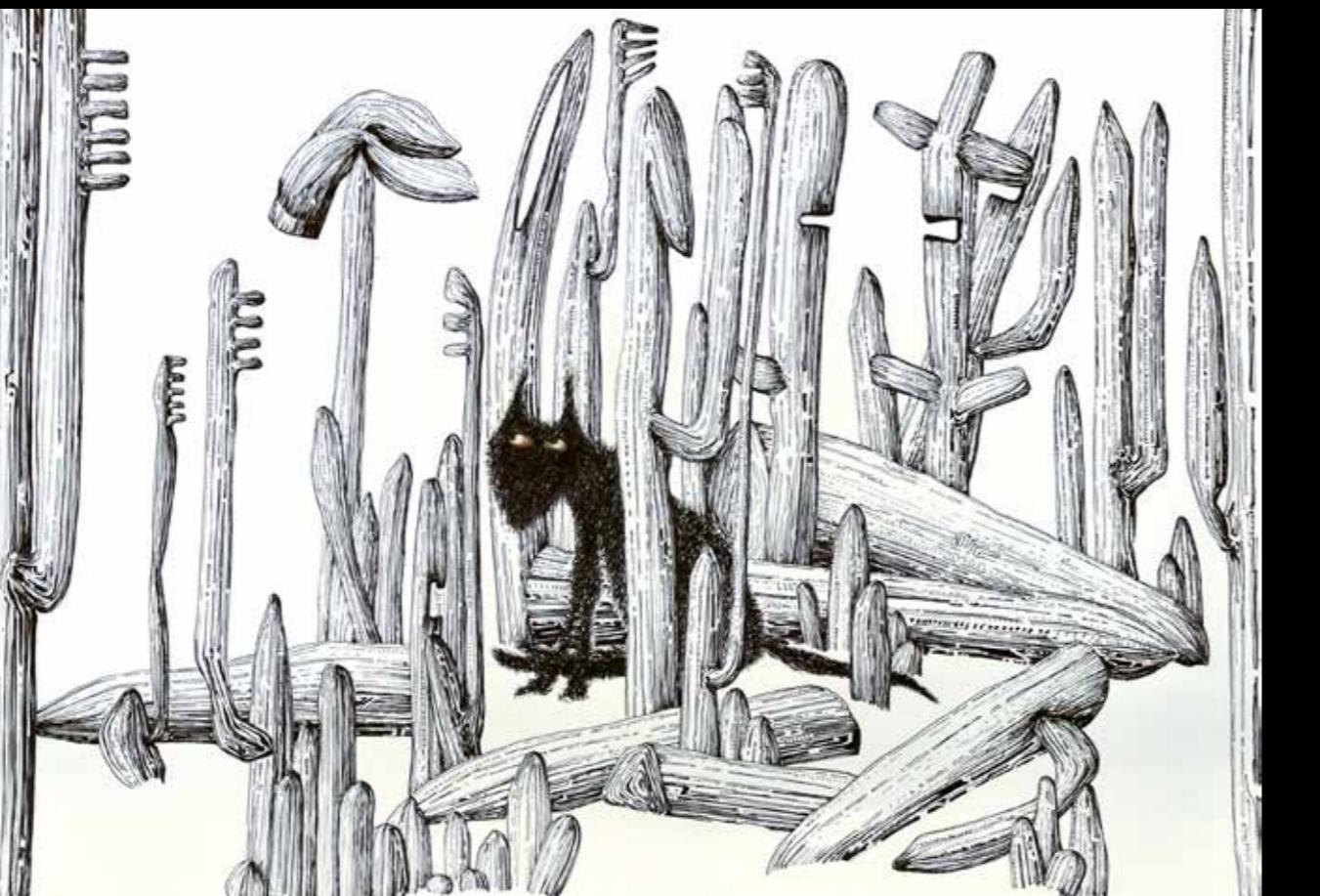
doubts 2019



MAAAH 2016



Watching you 2017



mmmaybe 2017

Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way. When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on

the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.

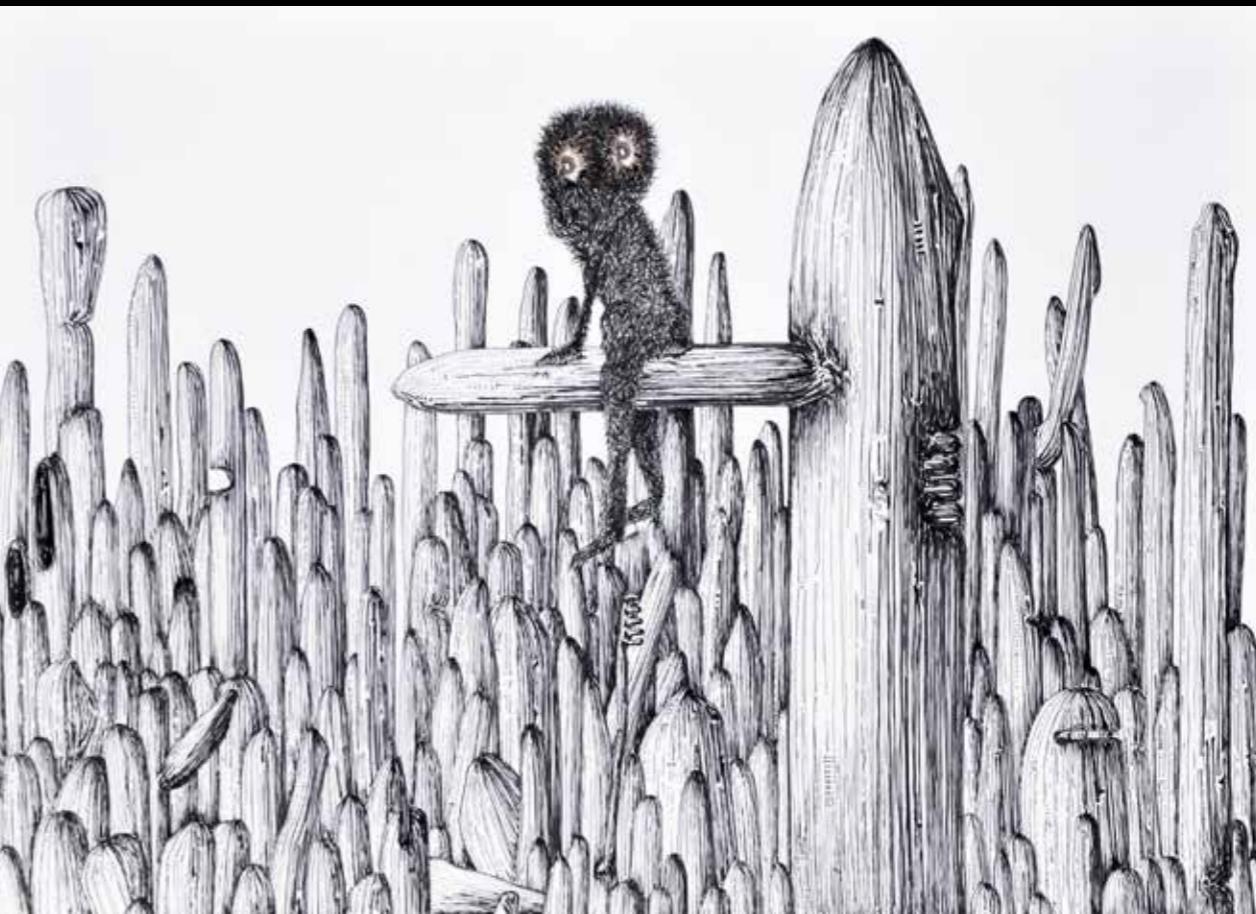
And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantic, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts.

Name Autor

Titel of the second Text

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxoxo advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into



moreandbiggerlies
2017



Listening to
Carl Andre 2017



Tres Leger 2018



iwishihadyoureyes
2018

their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lore Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way. When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince

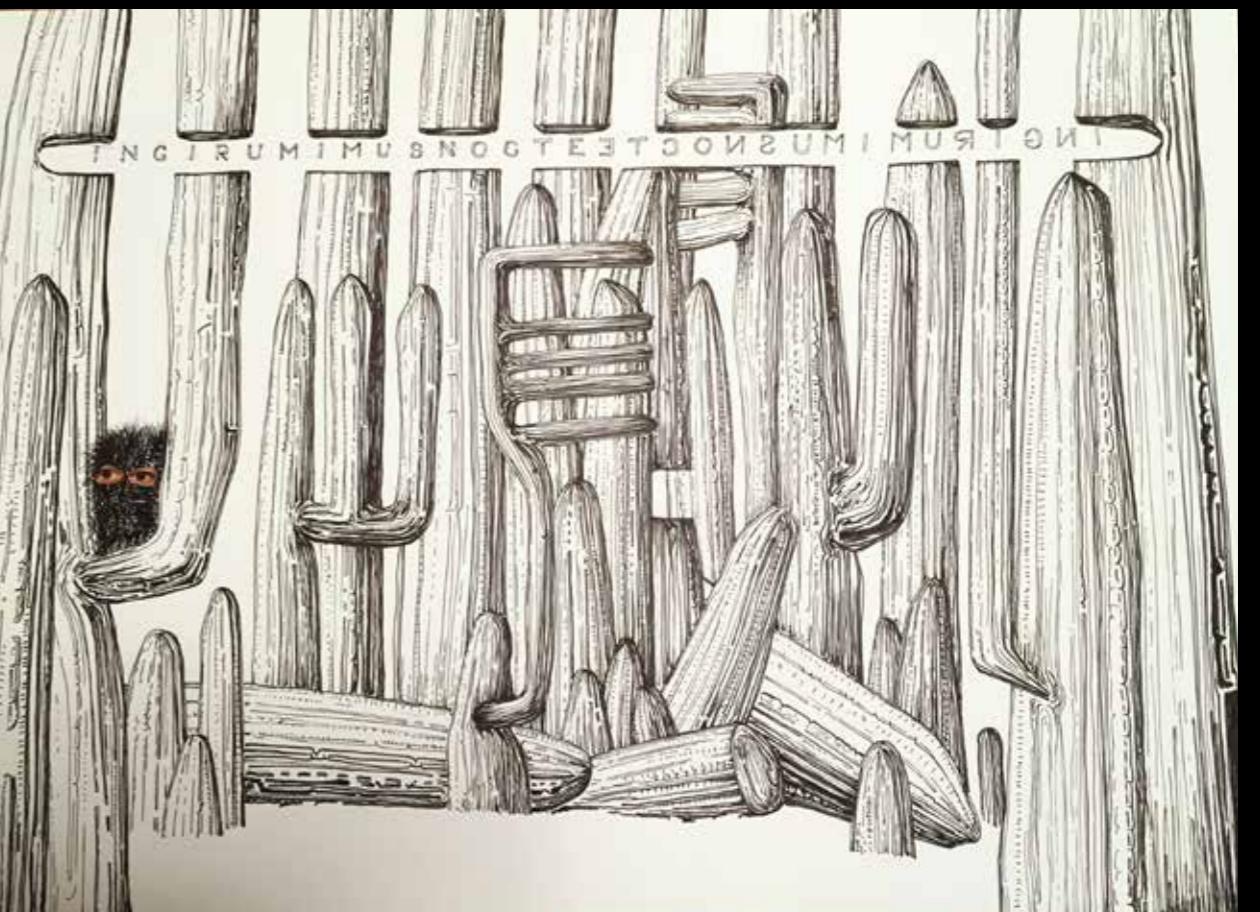
her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way.

When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rhetoric question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The copy warned the Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her.

And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantic, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts.

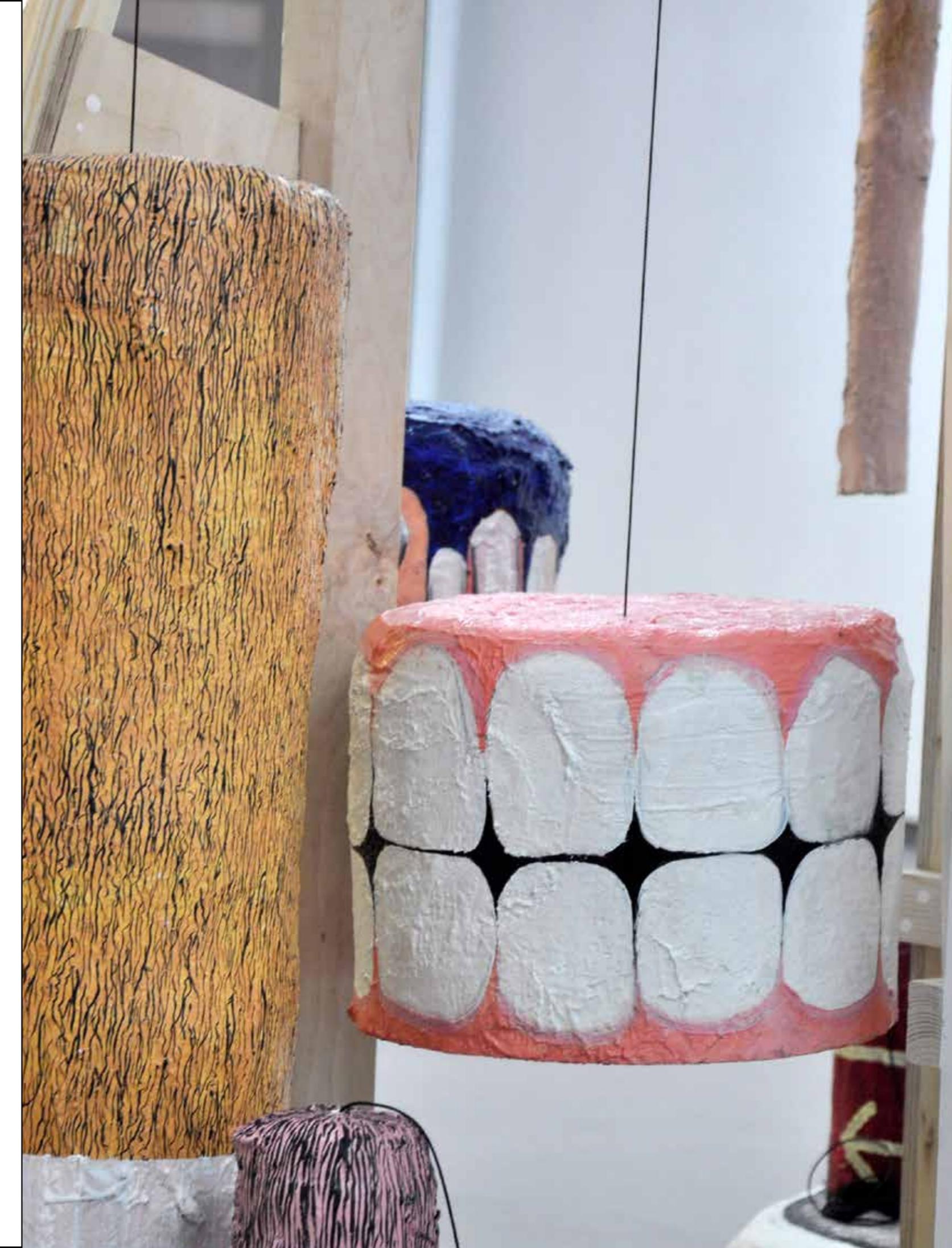


melancolia 2018



they talk 2018

ATTRIBUTES





Attributes

dimensions variable

More and Better Lies, installation at Galerie De Zaal, Delft, NL, 2018



From here 2018

$32 \times \varnothing 10 \text{ cm}$, $12 \frac{1}{3} \times \varnothing 3 \frac{5}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Level d 2018

$19 \times \varnothing 10 \text{ cm}$, $7 \frac{3}{16} \times \varnothing 3 \frac{15}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Maurischer Einfluss 2018

$17 \times \varnothing 7 \text{ cm}$, $6 \frac{1}{16} \times \varnothing 2 \frac{3}{4} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Lalalalala 2019

$24 \times \varnothing 30 \text{ cm}$, $9 \frac{2}{16} \times \varnothing 11 \frac{13}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Haben 2018

$24 \times \varnothing 14 \text{ cm}$, $9 \frac{29}{64} \times \varnothing 5 \frac{33}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Miserable Deko 2018

$15 \times \varnothing 7 \text{ cm}$, $5 \frac{29}{32} \times \varnothing 2 \frac{3}{4} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Bein männlich 2018

$42 \times \varnothing 10 \text{ cm}$, $16 \frac{17}{32} \times \varnothing 3 \frac{15}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Military item 1 2018

$12 \times \varnothing 18 \text{ cm}$, $4 \frac{23}{32} \times \varnothing 3 \frac{15}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



CULTURA 2019

$17 \times \varnothing 24 \text{ cm}$, $6\frac{1}{4}\text{in} \times \varnothing 9\frac{29}{64}\text{inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Kummer 2018

$25 \times \varnothing 10 \text{ cm}$, $9\frac{27}{32} \times \varnothing 3\frac{15}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



USURA 2018

$10 \times \varnothing 11 \text{ cm}$, $3\frac{15}{16} \times \varnothing 4\frac{21}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Schlimmer Finger 2018

$35 \times \varnothing 4 \text{ cm}$, $13\frac{25}{32} \times \varnothing 1\frac{37}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



DIF (Deutsch Italienische Freundschaft) 2019

53 × Ø 18 cm, 20 $\frac{55}{64}$ × Ø 7 $\frac{3}{32}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil

70



Level a 2018

12 × Ø 14 cm, 4 $\frac{23}{32}$ × Ø 5 $\frac{33}{64}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil

71



Inner landscape 2018

23 × Ø 25 cm, 9 $\frac{1}{16}$ × Ø 9 $\frac{27}{32}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Carioca 2019

10 × Ø 12 cm, 9 × Ø 8 cm, 12 × Ø 7 cm, 10 × Ø 10 cm, 3 $\frac{15}{16}$ × Ø 4 $\frac{23}{32}$ inches,
3 $\frac{35}{64}$ × Ø 3 $\frac{5}{32}$ inches, 4 $\frac{23}{32}$ × Ø 3 $\frac{5}{32}$ inches, 3 $\frac{15}{16}$ × Ø 3 $\frac{15}{16}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Bein weiblich 2018

31 × Ø 8 cm, 12 $\frac{13}{64}$ × Ø 3 $\frac{5}{32}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



More centered 2018

15 × Ø 12 cm, 5 $\frac{29}{32}$ × Ø 4 $\frac{23}{32}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Fresse 2019

30 × Ø 14 cm, 11 $\frac{13}{16}$ × Ø 5 $\frac{33}{64}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



TONSURA 2018

$24 \times \varnothing 18 \text{ cm}$, $9 \frac{2}{64} \times \varnothing 7 \frac{3}{32} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Eine Idee Bysanz 2018

$22 \times \varnothing 10 \text{ cm}$, $8 \frac{2}{16} \times \varnothing 3 \frac{15}{16} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



at the sea 2018

$18 \times \varnothing 16 \text{ cm}$, $7 \frac{3}{16} \times \varnothing 6 \frac{19}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Indikator 2018

$47 \times \varnothing 7 \text{ cm}$, $18 \frac{1}{2} \times \varnothing 2 \frac{3}{4} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Petrodollars 2019
35 × Ø 14 cm, 13 $\frac{25}{32}$ × Ø 5 $\frac{33}{64}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Cold Deco 2018
11 × Ø 13 cm, 4 $\frac{21}{64}$ × Ø 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Military item 2 2018
15 × Ø 7 cm, 5 $\frac{29}{32}$ × Ø 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



He is there 2018
23 × Ø 30 cm, 9 $\frac{1}{16}$ × Ø 11 $\frac{13}{16}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Sun & Sea 2019

$13 \times \varnothing 12 \text{ cm}$, $5 \frac{1}{8} \times \varnothing 4 \frac{23}{32} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Vigilante 2018

$26 \times \varnothing 11 \text{ cm}$, $10 \frac{15}{64} \times \varnothing 4 \frac{21}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



gamba fascista anni '70 2018

$69 \times \varnothing 20 \text{ cm}$, $27 \frac{11}{64} \times \varnothing 7 \frac{7}{8} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Pink Weight 2018

$20 \times \text{Ø } 4 \text{ cm}$, $7\frac{7}{8} \times \text{Ø } 1\frac{3}{64} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Hier 2018

$8 \times \text{Ø } 22 \text{ cm}$, $33\frac{5}{32} \times \text{Ø } 8\frac{21}{32} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Ladro 2018

$12 \times \text{Ø } 15 \text{ cm}$, $4\frac{23}{32} \times \text{Ø } 5\frac{29}{32} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Grim 2018

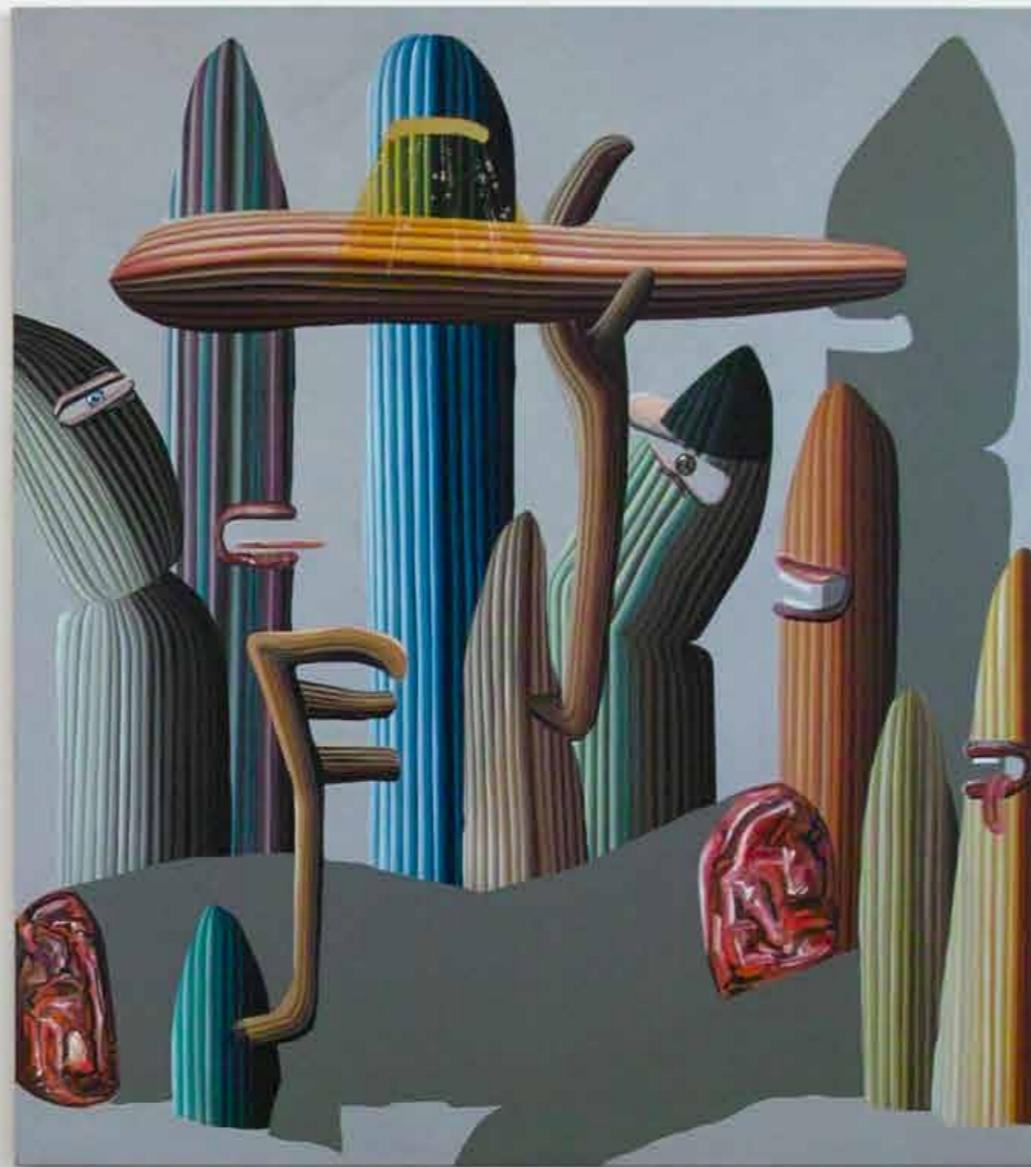
$20 \times \text{Ø } 25 \text{ cm}$, $7\frac{7}{8} \times \text{Ø } 9\frac{27}{32} \text{ inches}$
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil



Fetisch 2018

104 × Ø 3 cm, 40 $\frac{15}{16}$ × 11 $\frac{3}{16}$ inches
plaster, jute, string, holder, oil





More and Better Lies, installation at Galerie De Zaai, Delft, NL, 2018

MASKS



Eastman 2013

30 × 63 × 36 cm, 11 $\frac{13}{16}$ × 24 $\frac{5}{16}$ × 14 $\frac{11}{16}$ inches
jute, plaster, laquer



Wide Sight 2017

$60 \times 50 \times 45 \text{ cm}$, $23 \frac{5}{8} \times 19 \frac{11}{16} \times 17 \frac{23}{32} \text{ inches}$
styrofoam, jute, metal, plaster



Counterpart 2017

$62 \times 46 \times 30 \text{ cm}$, $24 \frac{13}{32} \times 18 \frac{7}{64} \times 11 \frac{13}{16} \text{ inches}$
styrofoam, jute, metal, plaster



White Rythm 2017

$58 \times 58 \times 54 \text{ cm}$, $22\frac{5}{8} \times 22\frac{5}{8} \times 21\frac{17}{64} \text{ inches}$
styrofoam, jute, metal, plaster



Handling 2018

$65 \times 70 \times 30 \text{ cm}$, $25\frac{1}{32} \times 27\frac{7}{16} \times 11\frac{13}{16} \text{ inches}$
styrofoam, jute, metal, plaster

PSYCHOPOMPS

MSYM (Me Stupid You More) 2019

ca. 167 x 88 x 50 cm, c. 65 3/4 x 34 4/16 x 19 1/16 inches
styrofoam, jute, plaster, metal, wood, oil paint



WSPP (Wide Sight Prairie Pole) 2018

ca. 210 x 60 x 60 cm, c. 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
styrofoam, jute, plaster, metal, wood, thread, oil paint





LHCp (Level Head Counterpart) 2018

ca. 210 x 60 x 60 cm, c. 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
styrofoam, jute, plaster, metal, wood, thread, oil paint



WRRC (White Rythm Random Chimes) 2018

ca. 210 x 60 x 60 cm, c. 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 23 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches
styrofoam, jute, plaster, metal, wood, oil paint



WRRCWSPP 2019

ca. 210 × 160 × 80 cm, c. 82 $\frac{43}{64}$ × 62 $\frac{63}{64}$ × 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
styrofoam, jute, plaster, metal, wood, oil paint



Überschrift des ersten Textes

Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühle, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach seinem Bilde schuf, das Wehen des Alliebenden, der uns in ewiger Wonne schwebend trägt und erhält; mein Freund! Wenn's dann um meine Augen dämmert, und die Welt um mich her und der Himmel ganz in meiner Seele ruhn wie die Gestalt einer Geliebten – dann sehne ich mich oft und denke : ach könntest du das wieder ausdrücken, könntest du dem Papier das einhauchen, was so voll, so warm in dir lebt, daß es würde der Spiegel deiner Seele, wie deine Seele ist der Spiegel des unendlichen Gottes! – mein Freund – aber ich gehe darüber zugrunde, ich erliege unter der Gewalt der Herrlichkeit dieser Erscheinungen. Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühle, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach seinem Bilde schuf, das Wehen des Alliebenden, der uns in ewiger Wonne schwebend trägt und erhält; mein Freund! Wenn's dann um meine Augen dämmert, und die Welt um mich her und der Himmel ganz in meiner Seele ruhn wie die Gestalt einer Geliebten – dann sehne ich mich oft und denke : ach könntest du das wieder ausdrücken, könntest du dem Papier das einhauchen, was so voll, so warm in dir lebt, daß es würde der Spiegel deiner Seele, wie deine Seele ist der Spiegel des unendlichen Gottes! – mein Freund – aber ich gehe darüber zugrunde, ich erliege unter der Gewalt der Herrlichkeit dieser Erscheinungen. Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühle, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach

Überschrift des zweiten Textes

Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühe, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach seinem Bilde schuf, das Wehen des Alliebenden, der uns in ewiger Wonne schwebend trägt und erhält; mein Freund! Wenn's dann um meine Augen dämmert, und die Welt um mich her und der Himmel ganz in meiner Seele ruhn wie die Gestalt einer Geliebten – dann sehne ich mich oft und denke : ach könntest du das wieder ausdrücken, könntest du dem Papiere das einhauchen, was so voll, so warm in dir lebt, daß es würde der Spiegel deiner Seele, wie deine Seele ist der Spiegel des unendlichen Gottes! – mein Freund – aber ich gehe darüber zugrunde, ich erliege unter der Gewalt der Herrlichkeit dieser Erscheinungen. Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühe, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach seinem Bilde schuf, das Wehen des Alliebenden, der uns in ewiger Wonne schwebend trägt und erhält; mein Freund! Wenn's dann um meine Augen dämmert, und die Welt um mich her und der Himmel ganz in meiner Seele ruhn wie die Gestalt einer Geliebten – dann sehne ich mich oft und denke : ach könntest du das wieder ausdrücken, könntest du dem Papiere das einhauchen, was so voll, so warm in dir lebt, daß es würde der Spiegel deiner Seele, wie deine Seele ist der Spiegel des unendlichen Gottes! – mein Freund – aber ich gehe darüber zugrunde, ich erliege unter der Gewalt der Herrlichkeit dieser Erscheinungen. Eine wunderbare Heiterkeit hat meine ganze Seele eingenommen, gleich den süßen Frühlingsmorgen, die ich mit ganzem Herzen genieße. Ich bin allein und freue mich meines Lebens in dieser Gegend, die für solche Seelen geschaffen ist wie die meine. Ich bin so glücklich, mein Bester, so ganz in dem Gefühle von ruhigem Dasein versunken, daß meine Kunst darunter leidet. Ich könnte jetzt nicht zeichnen, nicht einen Strich, und bin nie ein größerer Maler gewesen als in diesen Augenblicken. Wenn das liebe Tal um mich dampft, und die hohe Sonne an der Oberfläche der undurchdringlichen Finsternis meines Waldes ruht, und nur einzelne Strahlen sich in das innere Heiligtum stehlen, ich dann im hohen Grase am fallenden Bache liege, und näher an der Erde tausend mannigfaltige Gräscchen mir merkwürdig werden; wenn ich das Wimmeln der kleinen Welt zwischen Halmen, die unzähligen, unergründlichen Gestalten der Würmchen, der Mückchen näher an meinem Herzen fühe, und fühle die Gegenwart des Allmächtigen, der uns nach seinem Bilde schuf, das Wehen des Alliebenden, der uns in ewiger Wonne schwebend trägt und erhält; mein Freund!

Lorenzo Pompa

	Education		
1982	High School Diploma at "Deutsche Schule Rom", Italy	2010	<i>Neue Alchemie</i> , Landsmuseum, Münster (G)
1984–86	Diploma in Interior Architecture, Rome, Italy		<i>Epistolae Cucumeris</i> , with March Sabat, Edition Release based on exhibition
1994–96	Study of Architecture at Fachhochschule Düsseldorf, Düsseldorf, Germany	2009	<i>Transatlantische Impulse</i> , 15 Years of Villa Aurora, Berlin (G)
1996–03	Study of Art at Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, Düsseldorf, Germany, Degree Diploma and Master's Class Student of Georg Herold	2008	<i>Father's Suit and Watch</i> , Video-Ballet with Marc Sabat, <i>KlankKleur Festival</i> , Amsterdam, NL (S) DOK25a, Düsseldorf (S) <i>Kunst und Babys</i> , with Tina Beyfuss, Florian Neufeldt, Constantin Wallhäuser, Maxim 2008 (G) Thomas Flor Gallery, Düsseldorf (S) <i>Path de Deux</i> , with Sven-Ole Frahm, Richard Gallery, Paris, F (S) <i>SkulpturSkulptur</i> , Kunstmuseum Mülheim, Mülheim an der Ruhr (G)
	Stipendien/Preise	2007	<i>Wave Piano Scenery</i> , with Marc Sabat, Donaueschinger Musiktag (S) Poster for the "Donaueschinger Musiktag 2007" <i>Ein Jahr Lang Lange</i> , De Zaal Gallery, Delft, NL (S)
2013	First award "Kunst am Bau" competition, Institut für Technologie, Karlsruhe Campus Nord-New Casino (completion April 2015)	2006	<i>Jenseits der Alpen</i> , Kunstverein Rhein-Sieg, Siegburg (S) <i>Mondo Salami</i> , Kunstverein Wilhemshöhe, Ettlingen (S) <i>Standard Wall</i> , Herrenhaus Edenkoben, Edenkoben (S)
2006	Scholarship "Herrenhaus Edenkoben"	2005	<i>Karma Kotau</i> , Thomas Flor Gallery, Düsseldorf (S) <i>Ancient Tribe</i> , De Zaal Gallery, Delft, NL (S)
2004	Stipend "Kunststiftung NRW"	2004	Konrad Fischer Gallery, Düsseldorf (G) <i>Das Basische Konzept</i> , Hinterconti, Hamburg (G)
2003	Ogilby & Mather, advancement award "Junge Skulptur"	2003	<i>Mundvormschaum</i> , Horst Schuler Gallery, Düsseldorf (S) <i>for I believe I can fly</i> , Vera Gliem Gallery, Köln (G)
	Lovells, advancement award "Junge Skulptur"	2002	<i>Bis ans Ende Der Welt</i> , Kunstverein Konstanz (G) <i>Der Atom: Für Flora und Fauna</i> , with Andi Plum (G)
2001	travel grant "Kunstverein Düsseldorf"	2001	Eric Mathijzen Gallery, Amstelveen, NL (G) <i>Schramm, Pompa, Schellberg</i> , Kunstrasen curated by Tabea Langenkamp, Düsseldorf (G)
1999	Cité Internationale des Arts, Paris, France	2000	<i>After Hell</i> , Horst Schuler Gallery, Düsseldorf (S) John Doe, Düsseldorf (G) Andreas Grimm Gallery, München (G) <i>Und die Nachbarn gaffen schon</i> , Am Bitweg 2, Düsseldorf (G)
	Exhibitions (S = Soloshow, G = Groupshow)		
2019	<i>Shared Space</i> , with Martina Sauter, Labor Köln (S)		
	<i>Trickster</i> , Leipzig, Frankfurt am Main (G)		
	<i>Fabric of Art</i> , 701 e. V., Wuppertal (G)		
2018	<i>Metaphors of Chance</i> , with Petra Lemmerz, Kunstraum Villa Friede, Bonn (S)		
	<i>More and Better Lies</i> , De Zaal Gallery, Delft, NL (S)		
2017	<i>Attribute</i> , Studio Michael Royen, Vettelschoss (S)		
2016	<i>Say You Do</i> , with Andi Fischer/Asphalt Festival, Düsseldorf (S)		
	<i>Hoarded Centuries</i> , Galerie Susanne Burmester, Rügen (G)		
2015	Delivery of sculpture <i>Reflektor</i> , project "Kunst am Bau" to the Institut für Technologie Karlsruhe, Casion Campus Nord		
	<i>Gedanken auf Kniehöhe</i> , Susanne Burmester Gallery, Rügen (G)		
	<i>Multiversum</i> , curated by Katerina Maderthaner, Quartier am Hafen, Köln (S)		
	<i>Toter Winkel</i> , curated by Achim Sakic and Klaus Merkel, T66, Freiburg (G)		
	<i>Ad Lib</i> , Ackerstrasse 24, Düsseldorf (G)		
	<i>A foreign body</i> , Eastman Gallery, Hasselt, NL (S)		
2014	<i>Epistolae Cucumeris</i> , with Marc Sabat, Banff Center of Arts, CA (S)		
	<i>Hemsworth, Pompa, Maring</i> , Thomas Rehbein; Bruxelles Gallery, Bruxelles, BE (G)		
2013	<i>Nuovo Bilancio</i> , with Bernd Holaschke, David Czuprynski, Felix Schramm, Wuppertal (G)		
	<i>InSaltAsSalt</i> , De Zaal Gallery, Hasselt, BE (S)		
	First Price "Kunst am Bau" competition, Karlsruhe Institut für Technologie, Campus Nord-Neues Casino		
	<i>Lorenzo Pompa</i> , Eastman Gallery, Hasselt, BE (S)		
	<i>Hand me Down</i> , Kunstverein Bludenz (S)		
2012	<i>Circulation</i> , Berlin (G)		
2011	<i>Loss & Gain</i> , with Marc Sabat, Villa Massimo Rome, I (S)		
	<i>Father's Suit and Watch</i> , with Marc Sabat, The Stone, New York, USA (S)		
	<i>Leaving Santa Barbara</i> , with Marc Sabat, Villa Massimo Rome, I (S)		
	<i>Epistolae Cucumeris</i> , with Marc Sabat, Villa Massimo Rome, I (S)		
	<i>Local Host</i> , AzKm, Münster (G)		

Editor
XXXXXX XXXXXX

Translations
XXXX XXXXXXXX

Design
Kühle und Mozer, Cologne

Lithography
Farbanalyse, Cologne

Printing and Binding
Kettler, Bönen

© 2020, The artist, authors and photographer

ISBN XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
printed in Germany

Cover illustration:
Detail of *Winner's curse*, 2018

Photocredits
XXXX XXX: pp. X, X, XX, XX, XX, XX, XX, XXX, XXX
XXXXXX XXXXXX: pp. X, X, XX, XX, XX, XX, XXX, XXX
XXXXXXX XXXXXX: pp. X, X, XX, XX, XX, XX, XX, XXX, XXX
XXXXX XXX: pp. X, X, XX, XX, XX, XX, XXX, XXX